THE
NATION

JULY 23, 1960 . . 25c

THE KENNEDYS TAKE OVER

Carey McWilliams

CUBA: VICTIM OR AGGRESSOR?

Report from Havana

Carleton Beals

The Politics of Sugar

Stanley Meisler

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LETTERS

Rexroth's Young Rebels

Dear Sirs: Kenneth Rexroth's "The Students Take Over" (July 2 issue) was excellent, giving shape as it does to the real nature of the protest among young people to the omnipresent, formidable evils and weaknesses in the world. And congratulations to you for publishing such a lucid, timely and richly articulate article about the most important, widespread moral gesture in decades.

DONALD GUTIERREZ

Brooklyn, N.Y.

Dear Sirs: In an otherwise excellent article, Kenneth Rexroth unfortunately states that "things we did as kids . . . the standard capers of all young animals, now make headlines, shake up police departments and rend the frail hearts of social workers." As Rexroth proves, we have underestimated young people, BUT he is talking primarily about the intellectual strata. The other "kids" (i.e., the culturally and financially impoverished working class and minority-group kids) aren't engaged in "capers"; they play for keeps precisely because they have been denied the tools and advantages of educational stimulation which helps youth to fight corruption and apathy.

To underestimate the seriousness of this futile rebellion—as Rexroth apparently does—is as unsound as an underestimation of the educated youth's potential. Analogies are often very misleading. Nor is it helpful for professionals to deride one another's dedication to finding solutions for these major problems. I'd hate to think about what would happen this summer in the fifteen N. Y. City Youth Board emergency areas were it not for the "frail hearts of social workers."

SHELDON ZULKOWITZ
Membership Director
92nd Street YM-YWHA

New York City

Hunger the Warmonger

Dear Sirs: The article, "China versus Russia," by Alexandre Metaxas, which appeared in your July 2 issue, overlooks the one most important fact about China. China's population is increasing by fifteen million a year, which is more than one-fourth the total population of Great Britain. The future of China is starvation and today, with 650 million people, the future is already here. Without starvation, the population will be over 800 million in 1970, over a billion in 1980. . . .

Has anyone considered the possibility, or more likely the probability, that China will find in the prospect of a victorious war both a solution to her population problems and a guarantee of final victory of world communism? Assuredly, China will seek to force Russia to join her in such a war as the lesser of two evil programs of action—a full split with China, or war. . . .

Or, finally, if we do come to the time (it must come soon) when we join Russia to stop China, will it not be necessary for both these nations to maintain adequate deterrence, not against each other, but to make actual intervention in China possible?

This is not an attack on the Chinese. China will do precisely what any nation, so situated, would feel constrained to do. . . .

RICHARD ASHMAN

New Orleans, La.

Contempt for Whom?

Dear Sirs: The editorial in *The Nation,* July 2, entitled "Contempt," informs us that the recent bombardment of Quemoy by the mainland Chinese resulted in the death of sixteen and injury of sixty. "Among the victims were several children." The editorial concludes that China displayed, in this instance, a "contempt . . . for human life."

It seems to me that *The Nation* has naively accepted at face value the notoriously dishonest Nationalist news sources. If, on the other hand, this report is correct, *The Nation* might more logically ask why the Nationalists station *any* civilians, much less *children,* on a tiny island which is bombarded regularly, every other day. . . .

A. ROBERT KAUFMAN

Baltimore, Md.

Far, Far Cry

Dear Sirs: It is with much concern that New Zealand women learn that Professor Linus Pauling, the eminent American scientist and Nobel Laureate, has been pressed by the Un-American Activities Committee of your Congress to reveal private and personal information relating to the thousands of scientists in the United States who had the temerity to sign the petition presented by Dr. Pauling in the cause of peace. The petition, it will be recalled, condemned the manufacture and stockpiling of nuclear weapons.

We believe any attempt to victimize or discredit these scientists, who have felt impelled to speak out and warn mankind of the frightful dangers of the misguided policy of stockpiling nuclear weapons, calls for the strongest condemnation, both in the United States and from overseas.

E. E. HARRIS
Secretary, Women's Union

Auckland, New Zealand

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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JULY 23, 1960
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THE NATION

EDITORIALS

What Will the Issues Be?

Senator Kennedy's defiance of his Northern liberal supporters in selecting Lyndon B. Johnson as his running mate is an example of that ruthless "will to win" which Carey McWilliams ascribes to the Democratic Presidential candidate (see story beginning on page 43). But other questions than the political—and moral—implications of this tactic arise. Now that the Democrats have nominated for President the candidate most favored by Mr. Nixon, what will the issues be in November?

The Democrats have adopted a generally excellent platform, but campaigns are not waged on platforms. If the Democrats try to run against Eisenhower, they will get their come-uppance; if they run against Nixon, they will make some headway, for aside from independents, there are many Republicans who can't bring themselves to vote for the Vice President. But Nixon is not an issue; he is just a disagreeable politician. Civil rights will not be an issue; Nixon will see to that. Foreign policy? But at Los Angeles, there was no suggestion that Eisenhower's foreign policy has been wrong, only that it hasn't been "strong"—i.e., it hasn't been backed by enough military muscle.

Nixon and Kennedy are both able, resourceful, tough politicians, and their outlook, in many respects, is remarkably similar. They will fight a hard fight—but it will be about who is to be the next President of the United States, and not about much else. It will be sloganeer against sloganeer, Nixon "public relations" against Kennedy "public relations," Republican dollars against Democratic (Kennedy) dollars.

There are, true, differences between the parties which could be sharpened between now and November, depending on how the campaign shapes up and what happens in the world. And there are one or two significant differences between the candidates. Senator Kennedy is an attractive person with a great potential for political leadership; there is no "potential" in Nixon, he is what he is and will not change. But again, these differences do not raise a real issue.

Will it, then, be a campaign without issues? This would be unfortunate in an election that will shape the politics of this country—and, in part, of the world—for the coming decade.

Go Slow, Goliath

A statistician points out that Cuba's annual income of $2.7 billion is less than the United States spends on cosmetics. Nevertheless, in letting matters come to a showdown, the United States faces defeat [see Carleton Beals's report from Havana on page 45 of this issue]. President Eisenhower says the United States has no quarrel with the Cuban people and ascribes the current crisis to "inexplicable actions" of the Castro government. To the President and his golfing and bridge companions these actions may seem incomprehensible. To them, it may appear that Castro had a choice, that he could have played ball with foreign capitalism and avoided the crisis. Castro had no choice, actually. He could not please well-heeled Americans except by ignoring the needs of his own people and bringing down his regime, to be succeeded by still another dictatorship under which the majority of the agricultural population would live in disease and semi-starvation. Unfortunately, from the standpoint of these Americans and their Latin American opposite numbers with American bank accounts, Castro is a Messianic type who will always remain inexplicable to most of those who rise to supreme power in the corporate and governmental hierarchies of the Western world.

When you have been fighting for six years against apparently insuperable odds, fighting with rifles against tanks and airplanes, you are not afraid of death, and you are not afraid of the United States which, after all, can only kill you (and, the chances are, dares not do that). There is also the memory of events, none very remote. The United States supported Batista militarily and economically. Batista killed thousands of Cubans, upped the national debt by a billion dollars and, not coincidentally, he and his henchmen stole a billion. And over the longer term: the United States freed Cuba from Spanish tyranny and substituted another tyranny, more subtle but no less hateful. For fifty years Cuba cooperated with American business. When matters have reached such a pass a new start must be made: that is revolution. Revolution in

To *Nation* Readers

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this form may involve expropriation. To Washington, expropriation may appear the ultimate horror; but the Cubans have endured horrors which seem worse.

But what about "international communism"? Since Castro cannot go it alone and henceforth American help is barred, he has turned to the Soviet Union for help. A man who talks as much as Castro does must give utterance to a certain number of follies, but there is no reason to doubt his basic good sense. He is a Nationalist, not a Communist, and presumably he has no more desire to be slavishly dependent on the Soviet Union than on the United States. He must be aware that Khrushchev is using him for yet another step in the systematic and so far successful downgrading of Yankee prestige. But Castro may also consider it possible that the Soviet Union is prepared to make a showcase of Cuba as a co-equal ally with an economic system which will evolve in its own way. In any case, that is the Cubans' affair. "Eisenhower Bars A Red Cuba" is a piece of arrogance which must make Khrushchev rejoice. We have no more right to dictate Cuba's form of government than Cuba has to dictate ours.

The days of Guatemala-type counter-revolutions engineered by John Foster Dulles and his gun-toter, Puerifoy, are over, and it would be well for Goliath to realize it. Our influence below the border is generally on the decline. If anyone thinks otherwise, he has only to listen to the debate in the Security Council.

U-2 and RB-47E

The Soviet note on the downing of the American reconnaissance bomber last week begins with a highly implausible story:

> An unidentified military aircraft heading for the frontier of the Soviet Union was sighted by the aerial observation service of the Soviet anti-aircraft defenses over the Barents Sea, in the vicinity of the Kola Peninsula, on July 1, 1960. A fighter plane was sent up to identify the nationality of the plane and prevent it from invading the territory of the USSR. The pilot of the Soviet fighter plane established that the unidentified plane was a bomber with the markings of the United States Air Force. The American plane violated the state frontier of the USSR 22 kilometers north of Svyatoi Nos Cape. . . .

When first sighted, then, the American aircraft was over the Barents Sea and not within Soviet air space, for the fighter ascended to prevent such a violation. Equipped as the American aircraft was, we may safely assume that its commander was aware of the proximity of the Soviet fighter; in all likelihood, the two sighted each other visually. In such a situation, as the commander valued his life, the lives of his crew members, and his aircraft, would he deliberately have continued into Soviet air space? The classical maneuver in such a situation is to get the devil out of there, before the shooting starts. Either the Soviet fighter attacked over international waters, or he signaled to the American to follow him and fired on refusal, or the American obeyed the signal and was nevertheless shot down through some mix-up or treachery. Further information may lead to another interpretation, but on the basis of what we now know, Khrushchev's account is incredible and if he was not lying to the world, somebody was lying to him.

None of which absolves the United States. The American airmen may have been the victims of Moscow's determination to let no opportunity go by to humiliate and discredit the United States, but they were also the victims of the folly of the U.S. Air Force which, less than two months after the U-2 debacle and when international relations were already severely strained, sent the RB-47E on its dubious mission. If it was not a calculated "overflight," it was a scarcely less hare-brained peripheral flight. The Air Force story is that the RB-47E was engaged in mapping the earth's magnetic field. If so, it could surely have traced the contours in less perilous proximity to the Soviet borders.

But a more serious culpability may be involved. When the matter is brought before the Security Council, as now seems likely, the Russians will be able to quote triumphantly from *Time* (July 18 issue): "The Air Force made no secret of the fact that the RB-47E was part of the continued U.S. probing of Soviet radar and radio communications." The Americans could retort that the RB-47E was doing no more than Soviet fishing trawlers have been doing along our coasts for years; but, then, trawlers don't travel at 600 mph and are not usually thought of as suitable vehicles for H-bombs.

International Father Image

After some bellicose remarks about Western imperialism, the Soviet Union, in the end, voted alongside the United States and a majority of the Security Council to give Secretary Hammarskjold authority to interpose a U.N. military force in the Congo. The immediate implications of this second U.N. army — the first is on guard along the Israeli-Egyptian borders — are forceful enough: a situation which, not too long ago, would have seemed perfectly designed for war now seems on its way to orderly solution. But the ultimate implications are even more important. Is the U.N. creating in practice, bit by bit, that international police force on which the Great Powers have so far been unable to agree in principle?

In all, last week marked a period of tremendous U.N. service to the world. Cuba, the Congo and the RB-47E incident, each a potential *casus belli*, were added to its emergency agenda in a seven-day period. On the East River, an international father image continues to grow.

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THE KENNEDYS TAKE OVER . . *by Carey McWilliams*

Los Angeles

SENATOR JOHN F. KENNEDY, his family, his friends and his superb organization have scored a resounding triumph here in Los Angeles where, despite the smog, you can still see Catalina Island on a clear day. The Senator is an excellent campaigner, his attractive family constitute a distinct political asset, and his organization is a thing to marvel at. But while the Kennedys have scored a personal family triumph, they have also filled an enormous leadership vacuum in the Democratic Party. The house was not vacant, but it was not defended; and the Kennedys, all of them, led by Jack and brother Bobby, simply moved in and took over. How they were able to take over so easily is the story of this odd convention.

Start with the amazing fact that the Kennedys met with only a kind of token opposition. Nowadays, primaries are important less for the delegates that the winners acquire than for the publicity they get. Senator Kennedy used the primaries, with the active help of the press, to score a personal publicity triumph. In the primaries he was opposed only by Senator Humphrey (the skirmish with Senator Morse hardly counted). Senator Humphrey, for all his virtues, had obvious political weaknesses as a candidate for the Presidency, one of which was that he could not muster his potential support, a large part of which remained loyal to Adlai Stevenson. Senators Johnson and Symington stayed out of the primaries. The Kennedys filled the vacuum, and that was that. Late in the game, when the opposition realized what was happening, it refrained from organizing a "stop Kennedy" movement not out of chivalry, but because it knew that any such movement would be said to rest solely on Senator Kennedy's religion, which the Senator had converted into a formidable defense weapon.

Another factor was Governor Brown's inept political fan dance in California. The concept of a favorite-son delegation in California made sense. It was a means of creating unity within a divided delegation and, at the same time, of protecting the California Congressional delegation which, with a session coming up soon and many key state measures at stake, did not want to oppose Johnson overtly. For a time, Brown took himself seriously as a candidate for either the Presidency or Vice Presidency. He gave interviews, on the hour, to every itinerant journalist who showed up in Sacramento. What he said was confusing; he wavered from day to day. Then he conducted personal polls which he ignored when they revealed remarkable strength for Stevenson. At zero hour, he attempted to come out for Kennedy personally without releasing the delegation — thus infuriating that part of the Congressional delegation not pledged to Kennedy. And it forced a delegation split which fragmented the state's potential influence in the convention. Add the fact that he removed Paul Ziffren as national committee man, for what seemed to be a most inconsistent reason — i.e., that Ziffren had urged Kennedy to enter the California primary. The end result was that California's strategic strength was never brought into play effectively. Solidly pledged to Brown, California alone could have stopped the Kennedy *putsch*. But here, too, the Kennedys are entitled to credit; it is hard to escape the conclusion that Brown had a working agreement with Senator Kennedy from the outset. Kennedy knew he could not win the entire California delegation, so he settled for Brown's support; and the *quid pro quo* was his agreement to stay out of the California primary. Many reports circulate about a meeting between Brown and Joe Kennedy at Lake Tahoe at which the protocol was negotiated.

MOREOVER there were too few candidates to maximize the potential opposition to the Kennedys. In the end, it simmered down to Johnson and Symington — and Stevenson, who kept insisting he was not a candidate. Johnson never had a chance of breaking out of his regional prison. Symington's gambit was to be Mr. Available should a compromise candidate be needed; in a sense, he was not an active contender. Among the so-called favorite sons, only Governor Meyner showed a real will to resist. So, incredible as it may sound, the fact is that Senator Kennedy won almost by default.

Stevenson, in a way, was the key to the failure to mobilize an opposition. He was the one man in the party for whom there was genuine, nation-wide enthusiasm. Witness the million signatures which political amateurs, without formal organization, picked up in a short campaign in forty-five states. Witness the fact, too, that as a person, he dominated the Los Angeles scene. At the $100-a-plate fund-raising dinner at the Beverly Hilton he got, hands down, the most enthusiastic reception. An amazing assemblage of eager, young supporters converged on Los Angeles from all over the country. An immense crowd greeted him at the airport; everywhere, there was this constant, impressive enthusiasm for him. But Stevenson was the man who wasn't with it; and the fact that he wasn't made it possible for Kennedy to appear — again with the help of a cooperative press — as a strong, popular candidate of national appeal. This he may be, but there was little evidence here.

Whatever the reasons — and they must have been complex — Stevenson did let his followers down. One of the most influential "pros" in the Democratic Party told me: "Adlai could actually have won this nomination if he had tried. He didn't 'win' in 1952 or 1956: the nominations were given to him on a silver platter. This year he could have won it for himself if he had tried." To illustrate what he meant, this man told me the story of the Illinois delegation. Not a voice was raised for Stevenson in the first caucus, yet there was real strength for him in the delegation. It never found expression because Stevenson insisted he was not a candidate and, this time, he had convinced everyone,

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including his friends, that he meant what he said.

The story of the Pennsylvania delegation is substantially the same. Only in California did Stevenson's backers ignore his injunctions and put up a fight and there, against Gov. Brown's potent opposition, they managed to pick up 31½ votes for him — an impressive job.

In essence, then, Stevenson's reluctance to become a candidate immobilized the opposition to Kennedy. Key spokesmen in the California, Illinois, Pennsylvania and New York delegations assured me that no one, acting on behalf of Stevenson, had even tried to knot together the potential strength for him to be found in all these states. Yet, given the hollow, synthetic quality of the Kennedy movement — demonstrated on all sides here — it would have taken little behind-the-scenes stimulation to have brought Stevenson forward as a serious contender. From the outset, he was the only candidate who could have beaten Kennedy. The response to Senator McCarthy's immensely impressive nominating speech — the one fine speech of the convention — revealed the depth and breadth of the pro-Stevenson sentiment.

GIVEN THIS vacuum, then, the Kennedys had little difficulty in moving in and taking over. The Senator himself is a first-rate campaigner; he had ample funds and a fine, experienced staff. He had, too, the will to win. But there was another dimension to his strength: in the big cities of the key states — Boston, New York, Chicago — the party organization was for him. For a variety of reasons, one has to go back to 1932 to find a chairman of the Democratic National Committee who was not a Catholic. Thirty years of undisputed possession of the top organizational spot have given Messrs. Farley, Flynn, Walker, Hannegan, Sullivan, Boyle, McKinney, Mitchell and Butler — counting forward — remarkable opportunity to build an organization from which their friends have not been excluded. Organizationally, Catholic Irish-Americans have dominated the big-city machines for many years; here and there a Jake Arvey has appeared, but not many. In the Middle West, strong Democratic organizations have begun to appear in states which were traditionally Republican; in many of these states Catholic immigrants, of many ethnic groups, principally German and Irish, were from the outset the backbone of whatever existed in the way of a Democratic organization.

In addition to his own excellent personal organization, therefore, Kennedy had the support of this built-in big-city machine and organizational elements in many Midwest states, not to mention Paul Butler's headquarters organization, which was anything but neutral. This is the kind of support that is most helpful in winning nominations, although it is much less helpful in winning national elections. Carmine De Sapio's support in November could be a distinct liability.

The Kennedy machine meshed neatly with the big-city machine. The Kennedys supplied the drive, the funds and the all-important will to win. They also beat the bushes from Alaska to Puerto Rico, in rural as well as urban areas. The Colorado delegation happened to include many old friends of mine. One of them has been the key Democratic leader in his district for many years, as his father was before him. Rather suddenly, and late, he discovered that he had opposition — something that had not happened to him, ever. The Kennedy mastermind in Colorado, one Joe Dolan, had quietly injected pro-Kennedy candidates wherever the person standing for delegate was not for Kennedy. My friend survived the blitz but, in other districts, it succeeded. Every Democratic political leader felt this surprising new pressure, and by convention time was well aware that a real bid was being made to take over control of the Democratic Party. Former President Truman, seeing the handwriting on the wall, did not appear. The Congressional leadership was treated roughly. An old-line boss like Dave Lawrence, who was not for Kennedy at the outset, was made to feel that he had been sidelined. The best evidence of the take-over was to be found in the resentment of the Kennedy blitz which occasionally found public expression. Gov. Blair, Gov. Meyner and others were anything but pleased with the way in which the Kennedys moved into the Democratic mansion. And there is more to come. For it is said that the Kennedy organization will now "gear in" with the national organization; what this means, of course, is that the Kennedys will take over formally, with brother Bobby in the top spot.

IN TODAY's public-relations politics, the enthusiastic support given Kennedy by the largely Republican press was a major factor in this triumph. To be sure, Kennedy is "colorful," the members of his family make good copy. The press naturally reported his activities. But over and beyond this natural interest, the press acted as though it wanted to keep the spotlight on Kennedy the better to secure his nomination. But it will be interesting to watch the national spotlight once the conventions are over; on whom will it focus then?

Still another factor that facilitated the Kennedy take-over was the opposition of Messrs. Johnson and Rayburn. The big mass organizations which play a key role in Democratic Party politics today dislike and distrust these men. Since many of these organizations had concluded that Kennedy would win, they felt compelled to support him the better to improve their bargaining position with him after the convention. Many felt that it was better to see Kennedy nominated than to run the risk that Johnson might be, or — more important — than to drive Kennedy into an alliance with certain Southern leaders. In the end, of course, Kennedy's first act was to name Mr. Johnson as Vice President, and there was much weeping and wailing in A.D.A. circles, but by then the die was already cast. Take, for example, the Negro delegates, of whom there were eighty or ninety. By and large, they were for Kennedy, but in a cool, critical way. At a pre-convention meeting here, they booked Oscar Chapman, speaking for Johnson, vociferously booed mention of Truman, were polite to Sym-

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ington and Stevenson, and applauded Kennedy mildly, with scattered boos. The labor delegates were more enthusiastic but, like the Negroes, their support was premised on the fact that Kennedy was certain to win. Many of them preferred Symington. And so it went.

Who, then, was enthusiastically for Kennedy? Not rank-and-file labor, not the Negroes, not the farmers, not the Jews, not small business — nor, for that matter, big business either. Small business was for Humphrey. The Ed Pauley oil tycoons were not in Kennedy's corner; these elements, and the munitions-making Democrats, were largely for Symington or Johnson. Nor were the eggheads for Kennedy; the bulk of them were for Stevenson.

The odd thing about the Kennedy drive was that it was based on only two "popular" elements: Catholic support, particularly among the politically influential Irish-Americans, and younger elements, including older persons who think we need "young" leadership. Many young people do respond to Kennedy; but at Los Angeles, the young were for Stevenson. One of the most interesting aspects of this odd convention was the excitement which the pro-Stevenson youngsters engendered and reflected. And they were wonderfully attractive: exuberant, eager, undiscouraged, confident (not of winning, just confident generally), articulate, full of bounce, world-minded. The general contrast between the pro-Stevenson elements outside the convention and the elements inside was remarkable on many counts; the Stevenson elements, for example, were "outsiders" in more ways than one. They were really "outside" both parties, critical of the official line, seeking something new. The pro-Stevenson youth were "pre-mature," which is what makes them outsiders; they are the "students" of whom Kenneth Rexroth wrote in the July 2 issue of *The Nation*, the vanguard of the new political forces of the 1960s. The Kennedy "young men" are young junior executives; they feel they have it made. They may be young in years and energy, but they are not young ideologically.

So the paradox of this convention has been that a young man without an impressive political record, without a program, without broad rank-and-file support, backed by not a single interest group with the possible exception of labor, not merely won the nomination of a great party without substantial opposition, but took possesion of it, lock, stock and barrel. The delegates were victims of a default of political leadership which was premised, of course, on their own default as citizens.

A few minor details wind up this report. The convention itself was a frightful bore, with the exception of the Stevenson demonstrations and Mrs. Roosevelt's appearances. Mass communications have played hob with conventions. Pressures concentrate on delegates before the gavel is sounded; the "deliberative process," as Gov. Meyner indignantly observed, has collapsed. This convention could have been staged in a day or so with no loss.

The platform is in many ways an excellent document, but it reveals the limitations of so-called "programmatic liberalism." For it reads as though two dozen precocious political science majors had pooled all their "bright" ideas. It lacks selection, emphasis, vital relevance, organization and, on key issues, it is vaguer than need be. But it does have a good civil-rights plank for which "time" — the natural aging process — is primarily responsible. The Dixiecrats are more anachronistic than ever and their ancient threat of "bolting" the party has a tinny ring to it these days. Even so, the possibility that they might either not vote for the Democratic nominee or vote for Nixon was sufficient to land the Vice Presidential nomination for Johnson. On its face, the naming of Johnson was "smart" politics, but the likely effect may be to force Nixon to look away from Dixie to the North, Midwest and far West. The Republican answer to Johnson would seem to be Governor Rockefeller as their Vice Presidential nominee.

CUBA: VICTIM or AGGRESSOR?

I. Report From Havana . . *by Carleton Beals*

Havana

ON THE EVE of the eighth anniversary of the 26 July Movement — the day, in 1952, on which Castro attacked Batista's Moncado Barracks — "the heroic struggle of the Cuban people for independence" has reached its worst crisis. Oil and sugar are the gremlins in a revolution that otherwise has operated with surprising smoothness: oil, Cuba's only fuel; sugar, its major crop and major foreign-exchange earner. Through these two products, the United States is delivering its greatest blows so far in the diplomatic, economic and propaganda offensive which it launched against the Castro regime soon after Batista fell — the offensive which, by now, has moved Cuba away from Nationalist slogans to neutralism and, finally, to closer ties with the Soviets.

The oil impasse has been in the making for seven months. Cuba's oil and mining laws were put into effect promptly after the Havana air attack of last October, which had been preceded by several bombings of Cuban sugar establishments. As

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Raul Castro put it, "For every aggression, we'll go ahead two steps."

A Cuban Petroleum Institute was set up under supervision of a Mexican oil expert. The exploring and drilling concessions handed out by Batista were closely scrutinized; most were canceled. The Institute took charge of several refineries and seized the Cuban National Airways (Batista's gang had owned both). A deal was made with the Soviet Union to get oil in exchange for sugar. There was nothing novel in this. Batista had been selling the Soviet Union sugar for three years — $200,000,000 worth. This had never alarmed Washington. Nor had similar Soviet oil deals with at least three other Latin American countries aroused concern in Washington.

IN MAY, the Cuban government broke the service-station monopoly of Esso, Texaco and British-Dutch Shell, making it possible for retail outlets to buy gasoline and oil from any source. A further thorn-in-the-flesh for the oil companies was the new money-exchange control. The companies had been bringing in oil, refining it, selling it to Cuban consumers, then changing the proceeds into dollars. Now exchange permits to the tune of more than $60,000,000 were held up.

The next tangle came with the refusal by the companies to obey Cuba's order to process Soviet crude. The order seemed like a high-handed Cuban move. But Cuba contends that under its 1938 petroleum law (passed long before Castro's day), the oil companies obligated themselves to refine any government oil. The oil companies interpreted the obligation to mean only that they must refine oil *produced* in Cuba. They halted shipments of crude, and by June supplies were dangerously low. To prevent economic disaster, the government "intervened" and undertook to run the refineries.

Drawing by Berger

Will Cuba win the battle of oil? Operating the refineries offers no serious difficulty: many trained Cubans as well as Mexican and Soviet technicians are available. How about supplies of crude? Since British and American corporations control most of the oil of the "free world," Cuba must rely chiefly on Soviet and Romanian oil. This, because of barter arrangements, is far cheaper than American oil. The main problem is transportation. There are about five hundred idle tankers in the world, many of them independent, and if Cuba can plank down dollars on the barrelhead, it can get the tankers needed. So can the Russians, despite Standard Oil's threats against tanker-owners. Mexico, subjected to a similar boycott after the 1938 seizures, and in a much tighter situation, had no difficulty.

Cuba, certainly not blameless according to U.S. business standards, nevertheless looks upon the oil boycott and the maneuvers of the oil companies as aggressive acts bearing the imprint of State Department approval.

THE NEW punitive sugar law is considered by Cuba to be the most aggressive act of all and a direct violation of the Bogota inter-American agreements (a two-way street, of course). But Cuba insists that until this "aggression," it had not singled out U.S. property for attack, (though U.S. corporations owned most of Cuba, and therefore suffered most). Castro insists that foreign property has been treated the same as Cuban property, in accordance with the new revolutionary laws. It is the United States, says Cuba, which has demanded a privileged position — as the United States once sought in Mexico.

Sugar is still Cuba's major source of income, and the new law subjects the island's economic destiny to the good will of "a foreign potentate" who has already shown little but ill will. This would be intolerable to any country, and last week's reduction by President Eisenhower of Cuba's quota presents difficulties not only for Cuba, but upsets the world sugar market.

Of course the two-cent premium we pay for Cuban sugar chiefly benefits American growers and American corporations, rather than Cuba. Sugar is the most highly and intricately regulated industry in the United States, completely removed from the operations of the free-enterprise system. If the premium price for foreign sugar were reduced, the U.S. domestic industry would be ruined. As it is, Cuba has never been allowed to ship in more than 20 per cent of its quota in refined form — a further protection of the American Sugar Refining Company at the expense of Cuban enterprise and employment. The chief benefit to Cuba of the U.S. sugar law has not been the higher price, but the fixed quota which guaranteed a sale of about three million tons annually.

WHAT WILL happen to Cuba now that its quota has been cut?

Cuba's sugar output this season was about the same as last year's. Indeed, despite the burning of many fields, a million tons were left unharvested. On the other hand Cuba, through an increased quota in the free market and by large-sized deals with Russia, China and Japan, among other countries, has been able to sell $60,000,000 more sugar than in the previous year and to wipe out much of its surplus. So what Peter borrows, Cuba will get from Paul. None of the areas — Hawaii and Puerto Rico, for instance — granted increased quotas at Cuba's expense under the 1958 sugar regulations were able to meet even their original quotas, and Cuba — until two weeks ago — was called upon to make up much of the deficiency.

Thus, though Cuba can be badly hurt by the recent developments, it faces the future with considerable equanimity, especially as it now believes it has justification for seizing

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all U.S. property on the island. The world population is increasing, and so is the per capita consumption of sugar. Cuba confidently expects rising prices (the world price has already risen) and an ever expanding market. And in Cuba's eyes, anything that reduces unilateral dependence on the United States is healthy.

THERE IS, of course, the argument that the U.S. attacks on Cuba's oil and sugar industries were not aggressions at all, but merely reactions to Cuban aggression. Unhappily, Cuban-U.S. relations, since Castro came to power, have been an uninterrupted series of actions and reactions. And since U.S. accusations against Cuba are known well enough to the American public, I mention here only the Cuban accusations against us, which have received only negligible publicity in the American press. In the series of diplomatic notes which have been exchanged between Havana and Washington, our press printed the American texts, but rarely the Cuban.

Such notes — beginning well before the overt break in good relations — have charged that while the United States is busily arming other neighbor countries (Haiti, for example), it has denied arms to Cuba; that the United States has used diplomatic pressure to try to stop Cuba from getting not only arms, but credits and agricultural machinery from Western Europe and Poland. The United States has refused to sell Cuba even small planes and helicopters needed in the agrarian reform and for dusting crops. It has held up export licenses for tractors, farm machinery and other needed goods, and has not responded to requests for a more equitable trade treaty to replace the one that has cost Cuba a billion dollars in the past eight years. It has permitted planes from U.S. soil to bomb, scatter leaflets, land arms, burn refineries and cane fields, and rescue "criminals" wanted by the Cuban government.

U.S. inspectors have been withdrawn from the Cuban fruit and vegetable industry, and Cuban shipments have been harassed in American ports. Congress cut off the last trickle of American aid, and all U.S. technical advisers have been withdrawn from the island. "Why, then," asks *El Mundo*, "does the United States grouse because Cuba has had to hire Mexican, Chilean, Japanese, German, Czechoslovakian and Soviet technicians?"

Cubans charge that no member of their government without a diplomatic passport can get a visa to the United States; that Cuban musicians, artists and cultural emissaries can no longer get visas (a Cuban orchestra scheduled to play in Miami on May 20 was not allowed to enter the United States); that American musicians and other performers are warned not to visit Cuba; that a determined effort has been made by U.S. companies and the U.S. government to destroy the tourist trade; that Cuban international mail in transit is sometimes held up in U.S. ports as long as three months.

Cubans further allege that, in violation of inter-American agreements, known "Cuban criminals, assassins, renegades, army deserters and embezzlers" are permitted to launch attacks on Cuba; that the United States and the Dominican Republic — not Cuba — are endangering the peace and stability of the Caribbean. Furthermore, they charge that these same "slimy elements" are brought into the august halls of the U.S. Senate to testify before committees and utter slanders against Cuba; that these elements are subsidized by Trujillo, by Batista's "killers and grafters," by U.S. corporations; that even now they are being recruited as agents by the CIA for unknown, but undoubtedly sinister, purposes. Cubans charge that American Congressmen romp up and down Latin America attacking Cuba; that the U.S. press is devoid of fairness and, with official and big-business support, is carrying on a propaganda assault against Cuba.

The Cuban government denies that it is trying to spread communism, or meddle in the internal affairs of other Latin American countries. It insists, however, that it has a right to explain the revolution and its difficulties with the United States. In turn, it charges that the United States is trying to create false fears of Cuba in Latin America, attempting to isolate Cuba from its sister republics and to use them as cat's paws in planned armed aggression should the economic boycott fail to overthrow Castro. It denies that it is under the thumb of the Soviets and insists it has a sovereign right to have diplomatic relations and trade relations with every country on earth; that if it cannot buy arms, airplanes and goods in the United States or Europe, it will get them where it can, and will sell Cuban products wherever it can.

Revolucion (Havana)

Monument in the mountain.

MEANWHILE, as Cubans weigh the effect of last week's shut-down on sugar exports to the United States, they profess to see many reasons for optimism. For one thing, President Eisenhower's action will undoubtedly accelerate Cuba's diversification of agriculture. The revolution has already boosted farm output tremendously in varied lines — the only agrarian revolution in modern history that has not been marked by an initial disastrous decline in production. Approximately 250,000 acres previously held idle for speculation by absentee owners have been cleared, plowed, seeded and harvested. A good start has been made in draining the 4,000-square-mile Zapata swamp. For miles on end in Oriente Province, I drove through virgin country being feverishly prepared with irrigation, dams, dykes and ditches for new rice production. The rice crop this year is up

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30 per cent; next year all domestic rice needs will be satisfied, and what has been costing Cuba $40,000,000 annually to import will no longer be needed. In 1962, or thereabouts, Cuba will likely have rice to export.

Beans and corn, previously imported, are sufficient this year for all domestic food needs, though outside corn is still required for the expanded hog and poultry output. Prices have been brought down so that fowl is no longer merely a Sunday luxury. Potato output has been doubled. Cotton, henequen and peanuts are being increased. The tobacco harvest was the biggest ever. Domestic demand for beef, 60 per cent higher this year, has been met — at the lowest consumer price in history. Fish now occupies a larger place in Cuban diet; new freezing units have been established, and new fishing boats are being built.

Thus, even though food prices have been pushed down and the consumption of food is up 40 per cent compared to the Batista era, the government has been able to save $60,000,000 on food imports. In another year or so the island should be self-sufficient in this regard. This, too, makes the punitive sugar action less to be feared.

FOR THE FIRST time in Cuba's independent history, the people, thanks to fuller all-year employment, higher wages (30 per cent to 600 per cent), lower food prices, reduction of rents (50 per cent) and utility rates (30 per cent), are beginning to get enough to eat, and they are producing it themselves.

They are better clothed and housed, too. In some cooperatives, whole new towns have been constructed, with fine modern houses, community center, school, medical and dental clinics and a self-service store selling at prices 50 per cent lower than in previous company stores. Eventually some 900 new communities will be created by the agrarian reform. The all-year farm wages are from 30 to 200 per cent higher than previously, while top government salaries have been halved. I visited new housing in five provinces; previously, public works were largely confined to Havana.

By July 26, the new Vista Alegre housing project, being built wholly by the men and women of an adjacent slum, will have 600 houses ready for occupancy, with school, crèche, playgrounds, clinic, sports-field and stores. The government provided materials and supervision; the workers get food and no pay — but will receive the houses without further payment than their labor. They are thereafter guaranteed wages on other projects and in small industries to be established in the vicinity.

A big housing project in Guanabacoa, a suburb of Havana, will take 6,000 families out of the slums.

Revolucion (Havana)

Apartments are renting beautifully furnished and with every convenience, for $23 a month — the present price of a single unsanitary slum room. The government boasts that by 1965 every family in Cuba will own its own home or apartment — scarcely a Communist goal. This will require new housing for at least half the population.

Previously the public, though on an island, had no access to bathing beaches. Twenty-nine public beaches have already been constructed — the equal in facilities and appearance of any in the United States, with fine cabins constructed of concrete or hard palmwood, with kitchen and sanitary facilities ($2 a day up), pavilion (stall for changing, 20 cents), dance hall, sports-field, children's playground, concrete shade umbrellas and restaurant (meals 60 cents).

In Havana, only four *public* schools had ever been built. Already the revolutionary government has built fifty-seven (including remodeled police stations and barracks). Camp Colombia is being converted into a school center for ten thousand children. Similar efforts are under way in every corner of the island; the Castro regime has already built more classrooms than were built in the entire previous history of the republic. Within another year, the government expects to have a school seat for every child of school age in the country, and soon thereafter to have ended all illiteracy.

At the Camillo Cienfuegos Center at the foot of the Sierra Maestra in Oriente (reached by a new thirty-mile reinforced concrete highway), which will eventually house 20,000 students on a self-supporting, farm-industry basis, we found workmen, militiamen and volunteers working overtime to finish the first unit of dormitories and schoolrooms by July 26. Of the 100 pupils already in residence, 80 per cent were tubercular. The worst cases are now in the new hospital nearby (in a region which previously knew no doctors); the rest are expected to recover through proper diet, exercise, clean quarters and treatment. Dr. Waldo Medina, head of INRA's legal department, exclaimed when I told him of this, "If the revolution merely saves the new generation of Oriente Province, it will not have been in vain."

IN HAVANA, I had the pleasure of meeting Doctor Haydée Santamariá, wife of Minister of Education Armando Hart, who is responsible for much of Cuba's notable educational achievements. She heads the new *Casa de las Americas*, with its ambitious program for hemisphere and world cultural relations. It was hard to imagine that this quiet, charming woman had taken part, alongside Castro, her brother and her then fiancé, in the Moncado attack. They were captured. Her brother's eyes were gouged out and her fiancé's fingers were sent to her as he was killed bit by bit.

One must always remember, in

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evaluating the temper of the Cuban people and their government, that thousands of Cubans were killed by Batista in this fashion.

REMARKABLE as are the achievements thus far, they might have been greater still were it not necessary for Cuba to invest in arms and to resist the U.S. attempts to strangle the island.

Far west, in the Valley of Silence, in beautiful Pinar del Rio Province, we stepped out of the car before a circle of newly landscaped houses, tinted bright against the lush vegetation. My companion, secretary to a Presidential aide, exclaimed, "Why, when I was here six weeks ago, nothing had been done!"

Now there is a home for every member of the cooperative. "We built them ourselves," a *guajiro* told me proudly. "Next, the school."

Everything in these houses — plumbing, furniture, porcelain sinks, electric stoves, tiled shower stalls, plastic curtains — had been made in Cuba, something that would have been practically impossible just two short years ago.

The country's textile factories are now working steady around the clock, and still can't keep up with orders. The same goes for cement, building-materials, electrical and rubber goods, soap, chemical, and perfume and cosmetic plants. Cuba was never more prosperous or with fewer unemployed; never better fed, clothed or housed or educated. Crime has all but disappeared, and for the first time in my many years of visiting in Cuba, Havana was orderly and safe, yet scarcely a policeman in sight. Certainly it is safer than any large city in the United States.

Yet, except for a new curious crowd from Latin America, the tourists are gone—though tourists never had a better buy. It would seem that among the 180,000,000 people in the United States there would be at least a few thousand who would prefer to go to Cuba and see what is happening for themselves. But our own iron-curtain propaganda of falsehoods seems to be complete — and quite appalling.

We have missed the boat badly. If the Eisenhower Government succeeds in overthrowing Castro (it would cost much bloodshed), in destroying the agrarian reform and the free spirit of the Cuban people and in imposing another puppet dictator labeled as "democratic," the action will win no prestige for the United States. If Castro survives our dollar diplomacy and our fear diplomacy, our loss in prestige will be equally great.

II. The Politics of Sugar . . *by Stanley Meisler*

Washington, D.C.

TO AT LEAST one Congressman, a sugar bill posed no problem. The issue was simple, Representative William E. Miller of New York, chairman of the Republican Congressional Committee, told his colleagues: You are either for Castro or against him. Since few praises for Castro have sounded through the chambers of Congress recently, Miller's analysis, if accurate, meant that a sugar bill could be legislated with ease, speed and clarity.

But the analysis was far from accurate, and when Congress, after a twenty-three-hour session during the Fourth of July weekend, finally did bring forth a sugar bill, its haggard members looked neither easy nor speedy nor clear. Their decisions had been shaped and pounded by unceasing and sometimes contradictory pressures — pressures so varied, fascinating and obvious that even a hurried survey of them can reveal some of the realities within our legislative process. The story of the 1960 Sugar Act is a case history in American politics.

Despite Miller, the issues turned on much more than an attitude toward the Cuban Premier. Did a Congressman come from a sugar-beet state, a sugar-cane state, or a state with large refineries? Did he trust President Eisenhower's handling of foreign policy? Did he fear upsetting a program that had proven workable and beneficial to American farmers for so many years? Did he really think a cut in the sugar quota would hurt Castro? These are the issues that gave President Eisenhower the power to wipe out the Cuban sugar quota.

Just a month earlier, it had not seemed likely Congress would surrender this power. On June 1, the House Agriculture Committee, on a strict party vote of 23 to 12, reported a bill that would have merely extended the sugar program for one more year without giving the President any authority to change import quotas. The vote reflected the influence of the committee chairman, Rep. Harold D. Cooley (D., N.C.), a sixty-one-year-old student of foreign affairs who caused a stir in 1956 by refusing to sign the Southern Manifesto against racial integration.

Cooley opposed cutting Cuba's sugar quota for several reasons. First of all, he had a program that worked. The quota premium paid to foreign exporters allowed American sugar growers with their higher costs to compete with foreign growers. The quota allotments to Cuba and other foreign nations assured a steady supply of sugar cane to the American seaboard refineries, which cannot handle the sugar beets grown in the West. And the quota premium gave nearby markets, such as Cuba, dollars to buy American goods.

In addition, Cooley contended that reducing the quota in reprisal against Castro constituted overt economic aggression against Cuba. And the Congressman questioned the wisdom of bringing the sugar program — essentially a domestic matter — into foreign policy.

BUT COOLEY misjudged the amount of Republican pressure for a cut in Cuba's quota. When the Administration first asked for au-

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thority to reduce the quota, most observers thought the President wanted no more than a club he might wave, but seldom use. But, after the committee refused to give Eisenhower the authority, Miller issued his statement defining the battle as one between Democrats who favor Castro and Republicans who are against him. And Secretary of State Christian A. Herter came before the committee to plead the Administration's case.

It was clear that the self-proclaimed American policy of patience and forbearance toward Cuba had come to an end. Cooley had to retreat or face a charge of refusing to support his President in the struggle against international communism.

NOW the real legislative battle began. Congress had to decide who would supply sugar in place of Cuba if the President ordered a reduction. The sugar-refinery interests, strong near the populous, Democratic coastal cities, wanted foreign sugar cane from countries like the Philippines to make up any cut. On the other hand, the sugar-beet interests, who have much of their strength in the sparsely populated, Republican Western states, wanted domestic growers to make up the difference. Cooley, like most House Democratic leaders, favored the viewpoint of the refineries; or, at least, felt in no mood to let the President hand out economic windfalls to Republican beet states, especially in the course of an election year.

On June 27, the House Agriculture Committee approved a new sugar bill, this time by unanimous vote. Its main provision authorized the President to set the Cuban sugar quota for the rest of 1960 and all of 1961 at a level no higher than the current quota. Any reduction would be allotted elsewhere in this way: a small amount to Costa Rica, Haiti, Panama, the Netherlands and Nationalist China, bringing each quota up to 10,000 tons; 15 per cent of the remainder to the Philippines; 85 per cent to all other nations, including the Dominican Republic. The committee-approved bill also switched a deficit of 160,000 tons in the quotas of Hawaii and Puerto Rico from Cuba to the mainland cane and beet producers. This last provision was the only one directly benefiting American beet producers. The bill came before the House on June 30 and, after a short debate, was approved 395 to 0.

THE SCENE shifted to the Senate, where the small sugar-beet states have greater power, and the struggle grew more dramatic. On Saturday, July 2, its final day of work before adjourning for the national conventions, the Senate refused to consider the House bill and, instead, unanimously passed a resolution, recommended by the Senate Finance Committee, which did no more than authorize the President to set the Cuban sugar quota for the rest of 1960.

The resolution grew out of anger, concern and pressure. The Senate did not like the idea that the House, which must originate revenue legislation, waited until the last moment before sending the sugar bill to the Senate, allowing almost no time to study it. The Senate felt its own resolution would give Eisenhower power to slap Castro around a bit and Congress time to consider thorough sugar legislation. In addition, the resolution appealed to the Senate's foreign-relations experts because it assured some restraint on Eisenhower; he could not cut all of Cuba's quota because the resolution gave him no power to find sugar elsewhere. And the sugar-beet people liked the resolution because it eliminated the House preference for foreign sugar-cane growers and gave domestic sugar-beet producers time to launch another fight for favorable legislation at the next session of Congress.

The House returned the Senate resolution immediately, calling it a new bill. Sugar legislation involves taxing of refined sugar and, under the Constitution, cannot originate in the Senate, the House said. In any case, its leaders confided, the House would not accept the Senate resolution even if it were legal.

At 11:10 P.M., the Senate took up the original House bill. Senator Wayne Morse (D., Ore.), proposed that the Senate simply amend the bill by substituting the wording of the resolution for the whole bill. In this way, the Senate would meet the constitutional objection of the House. As chairman of the Senate Subcommittee on Latin America, Morse commands attention on Latin American matters, and he argued that once nations received new quotas because of a temporary cut in the Cuban quota, they would expect to keep the new allotment permanently. Republican sugar-beet Senators, who rarely agree with him on foreign policy or much else, immediately rallied to his side (Morse, incidentally, also represents a sugar-beet state).

BUT OPPOSITION came from Senator Everett M. Dirksen of Illinois, the Republican leader, who warned that the President "is quite insistent that he have a weapon with which to deal with the situation before Congress goes home." He urged further that the House would never approve Morse's proposal, since it had already turned down the identical Senate resolution. Dirksen's arguments were bolstered by William B. Macomber, Jr., Assistant Secretary of State for Congressional Liaison, and Bryce N. Harlow, Deputy Assistant to the President for Congressional Affairs, who wandered among the Congressmen to tell them Eisenhower would be furious if no bill were passed.

The Senate defeated Morse's proposal by a vote of 30 to 29. Of the twenty-two sugar-beet Senators voting, thirteen voted with Morse and nine against; the sugar-cane Senators split three to one in Morse's favor. Of the ten members of the

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Senate Foreign Relations Committee voting, the vote was eight to two in favor of the Morse proposal. This division was significant, indicating that Senators tended to accept Morse's arguments as sincere expressions of concern rather than as a glib facade to cover any interest in Oregon sugar-beet fortunes. The party split was seventeen Republicans and twelve Democrats voting for Morse, six Rebublicans and twenty-four Democrats voting against.

After rejecting the substitute, the Senate approved the House bill with several amendments suggested by Senator Clinton P. Anderson (D., N.M.). In the main, these extended the Sugar Act to the end of this year rather than through 1961 and gave the President some leeway in deciding where to find sugar to make up for any cut in the Cuban quota. This leeway, of course, ran into opposition from the foreign sugar-cane lobbyists, for they would receive mandatory allotments under the original House bill.

A little after 3:15 A.M., a conference committee of three Senators and six Representatives met to work out a compromise. In a two-hour session, the House members refused to accept the Senate amendments, and the Senators, faced with the prospect of taking the House bill or nothing, gave in. As a concession, the House conferees agreed that the bill would extend the program only through the first three months of 1961, rather than through the whole year. Both Houses passed the conference report, and at 8:51 o'clock Sunday morning, Congress adjourned. President Eisenhower had his weapon against Castro. He used it three days later.

IT IS TOO soon to gauge the effects of this hurried piece of legislation. But Congress must reach some conclusions soon. New legislation on sugar is possible in August and probable next January, and its character may depend on how much the new law and Eisenhower's use of it have hurt Castro.

No official in Washington is predicting that the cut in the quota will cripple Castro. For one thing, the official line pictures Eisenhower's action not as a form of reprisal, but as a way of protecting the American consumer from a possible shortage of sugar. Unofficially, however, there seems to be hope that the loss in revenue will hurt Castro by causing discontent among the 500,000 Cuban sugar-cane workers who face a possible cut in wages, and among the Cuban consumers who, it is believed here, face a shortage of wheat, rice, autos and machinery due to dwindling dollar reserves. If it becomes obvious, however, that Eisenhower's action has rallied sympathy for Castro among other Latin American nations without hurting him materially, there will be strong support in Congress for legislation to take back the authority just granted the President.

But it is doubtful that Congress will restore the sugar program to what it was before the hectic Fourth of July weekend. Robert H. Shields, president of the U.S. Beet Sugar Association, hailed Eisenhower's action as the end of an era, and his description underlined the real meaning of the 1960 Sugar Act.

Another marathon struggle is a certainty, perhaps this winter, with the beet growers and sugar refineries tugging and pulling in the background while the orators shout about Castro in front. Only this time, with a chance to set a pattern for a new era of sugar legislation, the shouting will be louder and the tugging and pulling more fierce.

REPORT ON THE JUGGERNAUT

by David Cort

GRANTED, it was an astounding achievement to get 70 million motor vehicles rolling on some 4 million miles of hard-surfaced roads—to man, fuel, service, park and garage them. If any foreigner cannot believe in the phenomenon, he can witness it any day: nearly 2 billion vehicle-miles per day, requiring 3 million barrels of petroleum per day, killing over a hundred people a day, injuring over 12,000 people a day in 33,000 accidents, and steadily growing, like an insane cancerous growth, to some horrid inevitability. On Sundays there are more moving parts on the roads than there are on Mondays in all the factories. The American people daily apply the greatest massed horsepower seen in all history, to get from here to there and back.

The fact that far more economical transport is available was perfectly obvious, but unfashionable, four years ago. There was no visible reaction to the statement then: "Because a single bus or train takes between twenty and 1,000 cars off the roads, we must certainly allocate subsidies to buses and, in particular, railroads. . . . If the railroads were equipped to carry 20,000,000 passengers a day, the huge subsidies for highways could be cut down to size" ("Our Strangling Highways," *The Nation,* April 28, 1956). The next year the thought was repeated: "One train can carry a thousand [motorists] to work. This fact is currently invisible to the American public, and will remain invisible until the day it becomes plainly and horribly visible. The automobile as now used is an extravagance that no ecology can afford; nor can this one" ("Knight in Two-Ton Armor," *The Nation,* April 13, 1957).

Such simple survival ideas tend to float impotently, like a germ in the Arctic.

But not forever. The courage has at last come to official agencies to resort to real solutions of the traffic

DAVID CORT'S frequent contributions to The Nation on the subject attest to the pertinacity of his war against the country's 70 million motor vehicles and their drivers.

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problem. The New Jersey Legislature has passed a bill giving a $6,000,000 subsidy to nine commuter railroads. Los Angeles is considering rapid-transit lines, and "urgently requested" the state to build future freeways with space for rapid-transit rails. San Francisco will probably vote this November on a bond issue for a comprehensive rail-transport system. Philadelphia has already begun paying subsidies on a small scale to commuter railroads, and is considering further overhaul of its transit system. Chicago was the first major city to run transit lines down the green interspace of expressways. Connecticut's Public Utilities Commission has recommended that the four states served by the N.Y., N.H. and H. give it subsidies.

THIS ALL looks very anti-Detroit and un-American, but is in fact the counsel of last-ditch desperation. *The Wall Street Journal* recently gave some telling quotes: "The automobile has not merely taken over the street; it has dissolved the living tissue of the city. Its appetite for space is absolutely insatiable; moving and parked, it devours urban land, leaving the buildings as mere islands . . . in a sea of dangerous and ugly traffic" (Columbia professor of architecture). "Highways have gotten completely out of hand" (Director, American Society of Planning Officials). The highway boom is "a murder plot against our urban areas" (planning consultant). "It's almost axiomatic that you can't build enough highways to solve the commuting problem" (Stanford University traffic analyst).

Such doom-crying might also have gone unheard had not the roof finally caved in. This event came to the mayors of the great American cities in the apparently innocuous form of the 1960 U.S. census. Here was the catastrophic news that a number of their cities had actually lost population since the census of 1950—an unprecedented blow not only to the politician's self-love, but also to the city's share of state taxes. In such roundabout ways does crisis finally bring itself to the attention of politicians. Patriotism is never enough.

The immediate problem is to keep cars out of the cities' downtown business and shopping sections, now approaching the impassibility of an Amazon jungle. One way being considered is to slap tolls on the approach highways (as if car costs were not already high enough to convince any sensible car-owner). These monies can be given the commuter railroads. Another is to keep all vehicles out of the downtown area. Fifty cities, according to *The Wall Street Journal*, already have such plans. For human beings—that is, pedestrians—these "malls" will seem like a paradise regained.

If the tide has turned, it has picked the ironical moment when the federal government's $41 billion highway-building program is at full flood in the opposite direction, aiming to pour yet greater and less assimilable congestions of automobiles into the cities.

The federal government has affected a complete impotence to control the automobile, while at the same time financing five Congressional investigations in five years into its killing and ruinous ways. It still flatly refuses to assist commuter railroads in any way.

Yet even this dinosaur has at last been moved to a preliminary eye-blink: the first House of Representatives vote on whether to ask the automobile industry to produce safer cars. The cars affected were only those to be bought by the federal government, perhaps 10,000 a year: a very small tear in a dinosaur's eye, and yet a sign of life. Detroit vigorously opposed even this blink, on the grounds of cost to the government(!) — the highway budget is a $41 billion subsidy to Detroit, supplying the tracks for Detroit's wheels—and that the bill would constitute a subsidy to the safety-device manufacturers(!). On this Alice in Wonderland level, there was lively debate. Exasperated by the nonsense, one Congressman asked for the history-making roll call. The first open vote on safe automobiles showed 265 for, 125 against, 45 not voting, in August of 1959 (H.R. 1341).

The federal government's awed deference toward Detroit is not necessary or any longer fashionable. Even the New York Republican Club has issued its own research on automobile safety as a matter of public policy. It says, "The new requests [for safety changes in cars] are also unique in that a larger number have been opposed by auto manufacturers. . . . Differences in what policies are desired are plainest between the 'medical and consumer' groups and the 'automobile and highway promotion' groups. . . . The automobile and highway groups . . . state that there is little need for design-safety legislation."

"It is charged," says the Republican report carefully, "that speed and power are available considerably above driving abilities of drivers, beyond their possible need, and above what public roads can handle"—all, it may be added, in violation of public policy and private survival interests.

NO MALE driver and few female drivers will permit their driving abilities to be deprecated in this way. Nearly every American is convinced he or she is a "good driver," meaning a superior helmsman, gas-pedal-pusher and braker, and co-ordinator of the three functions. But driving on a public road is a social act; the test of a "good driver" must be social: does he maim or kill, or cause others to do so? The skilled drivers are generally those who do the maiming or killing, or skillfully start the chain of events that forces someone else into an accident. Such a "good driver" may get out of the jam, leaving the wreckage behind, but his skills can be admired criminally.

The vote in Congress, 265 to 125, probably included exactly 125 of this kind of "good driver." The vote did not divide by party, but may have divided by age groups, for this seems to be a visceral matter, well below the neck.

It has been brought out that the worst place in America to walk is New York City—yielding over 450 pedestrian corpses and 13,000 cripples a year. It is also said officially that, at present rates, "every person now living in New York State faces the statistical prospect of becoming an accident victim at least once during his lifetime." This inevitability does not apply to any other misad-

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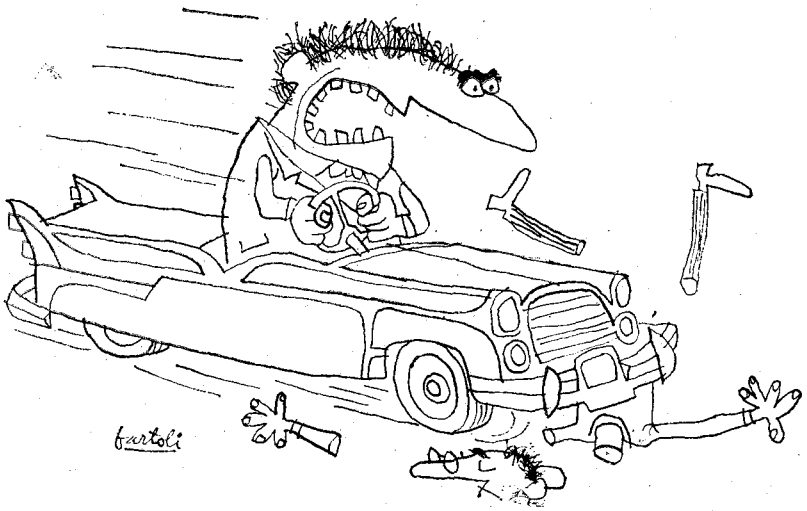

venture imaginable, except only death itself.

In this area of the "good driver," the crusade has hardly begun. The "good driver" naturally tries to get into situations that challenge his skills, such as hitting a traffic light at 40 m.p.h. just as it turns green; his high score is relative to the other drivers, and takes no cognizance of the fact that a spastic, a rheumatic, or a mother with baby carriage happens to be standing right in his brilliant track.

If the preceding car goes through a turning-red light, he is honor bound to follow close and fast. It is therefore no fault of his if the crossing pedestrians are only halfway across the avenue when the lights turn against them, and have to hope that the oncoming cars do not number any more "good drivers." We can all describe a hundred situations in daily life where the bravura of the "good driver" endangers a dozen lives, where the flashing burst of speed, the dexterous left turn, the broken-field zigzag, the nifty grazing of a pedestrian, the bluffing engine-racing just before the light turns, spare one driver a few seconds' delay, and another human being forty or fifty years of this painful life.

Stated in these terms, the proposition could be built up to the point of equipping all pedestrians with machine guns, as a counterforce. If this were done, say, one day a year, varying the day for each avenue, without notice to drivers, the just would unfortunately die with the unjust, but we would soon have very few "good drivers" left on the roads. I know a number of old ladies who would set up shop on a good corner and lay down an indiscriminate barrage, with considerable justification, remembering past concussions, fractured pelvises and mid-traffic hysterias invited by truck-drivers smilingly gambling their moving ten tons against the lady's trembling 110 pounds.

EVERYBODY behind a wheel is potentially guilty; but the guiltiest, in my observation, are newspaper trucks, laundry trucks and government vehicles of all kinds; in general, the lower the function, the more dangerous is the driver. If he despises himself, his work, or people, he may be a killer. Some racial antagonisms also seem to be actively sublimated in driving.

A simple and bloodless way to get the dangerous drivers off the roads was suggested here ("The Ribicoff Remedy," *The Nation*, Jan. 24, 1959): to ask all the people to report reckless drivers to a central office and to investigate anybody who drew too many complaints. This too simple idea fell into a dead silence until, to my delight, it was revived in the July *Harper's*, but reserving the right of complaint to specially appointed motorists. I would suggest that a driver in the thick of traffic is in no position to copy down a license number; I prefer using all the people. But either way, the experiment is worth a trial.

Somebody else is intensely interested in dangerous drivers: the Association of Casualty and Surety Companies, whose members are not especially keen on paying the bills out of the insurance premiums. The cost of accidents this year will be $7 billion. The association, says its general manager, "maintains a round-the-clock vigilance to protect the insurance dollar against the raids of ambulance chasers, professional claim hikers and organized fraud practitioners. . . . The association's index system, a clearing house for personal injury claim information, [clears] over 2,000,000 claims per year. Nearly 15,000,000 personal injury claim records, now contained in the current files of those bureaus, lace facts together as methodically, precisely and quietly as a spider spinning a web."

SO THE ANGEL of mercy that follows the slaughter and blood-letting turns out to be, not Florence Nightingale, but a spider! Lawyers who deal with insurance company claim adjusters tell me that this is an accurate self-portrait. Victims who never think of collecting anything for their injuries are far more common than those "professional claim hikers," a designation that might cover everybody who asks for anything at all. In fact, the insurance companies pocket billions from the undemanding stoicism of a large part of the population, and would dearly like to encourage such stoicism. They hate jury trials, where the stoicism ends and the jury tends to turn into a lynch mob. And actually they like that figure of only 2,000,000 claims "cleared" (not necessarily paid) in a situation where 4,500,000 people are injured annually by automobiles.

Somebody else who ought to be interested is the people. Yet most of them are willing to let things go on as they are, and to take their chances.

This peculiar, almost suicidal attitude can properly be blamed on the failure of the mass media to tell the people what the actual situation is. The mass media's delicacy in the matter is understandable, for to ask them to perform their normal patriotic function would require them to insult the reader and, worse yet, the advertisers. In such a dilemma, patriotism is not enough.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Riddle of Dr. Franklin

THE PAPERS OF BENJAMIN FRANKLIN. Vol. I (1706-1734). 400 pp. $7.50. Vol. II (1735-1744). 471 pp. $10. Edited by Leonard W. Labaree, Whitfield J. Bell, Jr., and others. Yale University Press.

Charles Grier Sellers, Jr.

HERE LAUNCHED is another of those great comprehensive editions of the papers of outstanding Americans that are setting sail in the wake of Julian Boyd's *Jefferson Papers*. Professional historians rejoice in all these undertakings, but none of them is likely to fascinate and delight the non-professional reader so much as the *Franklin Papers*. And none of the projected forty volumes in the Franklin series is likely to be more absorbing than these first two, covering the first thirty-eight years of Franklin's life.

Behind Dr. Franklin's assiduously cultivated simplicity was a bafflingly complex individual; and here we have most of the evidence from which the riddle of his character must be read. Taking his famous *Autobiography* along with these letters, newspaper essays, pamphlets and generous extracts from his Philadelphia *Gazette* and *Poor Richard's Almanac*, we see a bookish boy (lost among thirteen, mostly older, brothers and sisters?) led by his reading (and what else?) to question the received orthodoxies of Cotton Mather's Boston. Providentially at hand was the only career that could have so well suited an intellectually inclined but religiously unsettled son of a candle maker; at the age of twelve he was apprenticed to his older brother, James, to learn the trade of printer. Even more providentially, it seems in retrospect, James's printing house was the headquarters of the Hell Fire Club, which first raised the flag of open revolt against the church, state and college of latter-day New England Puritanism. As a precocious wielder of the rebels' chief weapon, satire, young Ben joined the assault through the columns of James's *New England Courant*, and was even installed as nominal publisher of the paper when the authorities ordered James to desist.

Yet Franklin's story (and America's) was not one of simple rebellion against the Matherian order. When the adolescent apprentice came at length to his personal rebellion, it was not against his father (and the Reverend Mr. Mather standing behind him), but against the more immediate if less formidable discipline of brother James. Even while sowing wild oats in London, the young prodigal tried to come to terms with his father's God through traditional New England rationalism: his curious *Dissertation on Liberty and Necessity, Pleasure and Pain* is at once a caricature of the method and an evidence of the difficulties that beset it in a post-Newtonian world. Soon "disgusted" with "Metaphysical reasonings" and with the shoddy moral behavior he thought they had encouraged, the twenty-year-old Franklin resolved to win his father's approval by taking a cue from another side of the New England tradition — prudent industry.

BOSTON itself, prosperous and growing in self-esteem, was finding the living Jehovah of preceding generations increasingly difficult to approach, through reason or any other channel. Mather was exhorting his congregation more to morality than to a lively sense of God's presence. Success in their "particular callings," he told them, was both a product of godly living and an evidence of divine favor. Mather's *Essays To Do Good*, Franklin confessed, "gave me such a turn of thinking as to have an influence on my conduct through life"; and he came back from England determined to please his God, his father and himself by exemplary conduct and secular success. He drew up his famous list of virtues — Temperance, Frugality, Industry, *et al.*, with Humility ("Imitate Jesus and Socrates") as an afterthought — and by an elaborate system of moral calisthenics based on them he quickly began to forge ahead as an enterprising businessman and civic leader.

Yet to dismiss the ambitious tradesman, with D. H. Lawrence, as "this dry, moral, utilitarian little democrat" would be to miss the vision that underlay the great achievements of Franklin and his generation. Franklin's moralism was not just a narrow, calculating utilitarianism, but a religion with a God. Franklin almost too patly exemplifies the experience of social mobility and secular success which for Americans transformed the awesome Jehovah of John Winthrop, via Cotton Mather, into the God of Benjamin Franklin — a God whose chief end was human happiness, a God who enjoined morality because it was calculated to make men happy, a God who was served most acceptably by "doing good to men." "I think vital Religion has always suffer'd, when Orthodoxy is more regarded than Virtue," Franklin wrote to his worried parents. "And the Scripture assures me, that at the last Day, we shall not be examin'd what we *thought*, but what we *did*; and our Recommendation will not be that we said *Lord, Lord*, but that we did GOOD to our Fellow Creatures. See Matth. 26." Remarkably, his pious mother professed herself satisfied with this explanation. Not just Benjamin, but Boston too, had entered the modern world.

It was the cosmic sanction accorded the enterprises of Franklin and his contemporaries that gives them such a complexly uncomplicated appearance, that makes them so hard for wistful moderns to understand. It was this that gave them their heady vision of the possibilities of human nature and human society. It made possible the harmonious pursuit of personal happiness, secular success, virtue and the good of one's fellows. It freed eighteenth-century minds —Franklin's perhaps above all others— for a curiously innocent yet greatly fruitful empiricism toward the natural order. And it made possible the momentous political achievements of eighteenth-century Americans, as signalized by the Declaration of Independence and the Bill of Rights.

THESE volumes, then, afford an absorbingly intimate picture of two intertwined developments: the maturing of a great and fascinating man and the emergence of American culture into modernity. They offer in addition the charm of Franklin's wit, broad tolerance, humanity and concern with the details of common life, though they make it clear that he did not quickly achieve the distinguished literary style of his later *Autobiography*. Impeccable editing and handsome dress add still more to the reader's pleasure.

CHARLES GRIER SELLERS, Jr. is a professor of history at the University of California. He is the editor of the forthcoming The Southerner as American *(University of North Carolina Press).*

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novel with observations that never quite meld with the narrative.

Also: *The Origin of Russian Communism* by Nicholas Berdayaev (Ann Arbor, $1.65). Explores old Russian traditions and Marxist doctrine as joint origins of the Soviet system; a calm appraisal. *My Life* by Leon Trotsky (Universal, $2.45). Vivid memoirs profusely detailed, a basic source. New translations include *The Storm and Other Russian Plays* (Hill and Wang, $1.95) and *Selected Tales of Ivan Turgenev* (Anchor, $1.45), David Magarshack translator; *Anna Karenina* by Leo Tolstoy (Bantam, 95c), Joel Carmichael translator.

(Vucan Kuic, assistant professor of Political Science, University of Alabama, kindly assisted with the foregoing notices.)

Economics and Politics

The 20th Century Capitalist Revolution by Adolf Berle, Jr. (Harvest, $1.25) and *The Managerial Revolution* by James Burnham (Midland, $1.95) discuss the same economic and social changes. Mr. Berle is objective and analytical and little concerned with labels. Mr. Burnham is doctrinaire and, what is more embarrassing in a reprint, prophetic. Despite fundamental differences, the books often agree on trends and together are stimulating and enlightening.

The changes in social class that have accompanied economic change are discussed in *Social Class in America* by W. Lloyd Warner, Marchia Meeker and Kenneth Eells (Torchbooks, $1.60). This is a substantial pioneering work, one of the early acknowledgments that stratification exists here, and still a leading work in its field. Two new chapters are adapted from the *Review of Sociology*.

Authority and the Individual by Bertrand Russell (Beacon, $1.25) lucidly defines and discusses the pressing and delicate problems involved in maintaining the benefits of individual initiative and sustaining the social controls necessary to survival.

The Meeting of East and West: An Inquiry Concerning World Understanding by F. S. C. Northrop (Macmillan, $2.65). Though drawing too largely, perhaps, on painting to illustrate different cultures, this penetrating survey is both basic and wide ranging; proposes a method for reconciling East and West.

The Killing of the Peace by Alan Cranston (Compass, $1.45). Recounts the maneuvers of the reservationists and opponents of the League of Nations in 1919 and 1920 as the willful disregard of sound majority opinion.

American Foreign Policy: A Documentary History, Robert A. Divine, editor (Meridian, $1.45; cloth, $4). A new arrangement of published documents touching eleven selected problems, 1775-1959, with editorial links.

Literature

Editor to Author: Letters of Maxwell E. Perkins, John H. Wheelock, editor (Universal, $1.45). The selection exhibits Scribner's perceptive late chief editor dealing with Hemingway, Wolfe, a variety of others.

Harvest Poems: 1910-1960 by Carl Sandburg, introduction by Mark Van Doren (Harvest, $1.35). Thirteen newly collected poems and a hundred others represent Sandburg's full range, support one another and gain as a group.

New Bearings in English Poetry by F. R. Leavis (Ann Arbor, $1.85). An influential argument from 1932 of the necessity for a poet to engage the world equipped, like Hopkins, Eliot or Pound, with technical originality and a "rare adequacy of mind, sensibility and spirit."

Voyages to the Moon by Marjorie H. Nicolson (Macmillan, $1.75). Entertaining excursion with cosmic travelers, chiefly of the seventeenth century. Illustrated.

Penguin Book of English Folk Songs, R. Vaughan Williams and A. L. Lloyd, editors (Penguin, 95c). Seventy texts with melodies, extremely well edited and chosen for singing.

Civil Disobedience, in which Thoreau as "a majority of one" set up a pattern for passive resistance en masse, is added to an attractive new printing of *Walden,* Sherman Paul, editor (Riverside Editions, 75c).

The Golden Bough by Sir James G. Frazer (Macmillan, $2.50). Frazer's abridgment of his twelve volumes, magnificent, far-ranging, absorbing.

Age of Surrealism by Wallace Fowlie (Midland, $1.50). A history, analysis, perhaps too nearly an apology for surrealism. Lautréamont and Rimbaud to Picasso.

Summer Miscellany

BIOGRAPHY: *Quite Early One Morning* by Dylan Thomas (New Directions, $1.45). An exhibition, in narrative, talk and essay, of decisive bits from Thomas' life and his tastes; witty, brilliantly contrived. *I Knock at the Door* and *Pictures in the Hallway* by Sean O'Casey (Macmillan, $1.45, $1.65). O'Casey's youth, not in consecutive narrative but a dramatist's assured, absorbing evocation of origins and attitudes. *James Joyce: A Critical Introduction* by Harry Levin (New Directions, $1.45). The excellent, compact 1941 volume with a helpful

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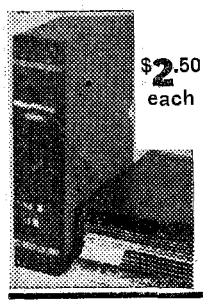
essay on the spate of later studies. *The Mirror of the Sea* and *A Personal Record* by Joseph Conrad (Anchor, 1 vol., $1.25). Autobiographical sketches and memoirs, one of Morton D. Zabel's excellent editions. *A Reader's Guide to Joseph Conrad* by Frederick R. Karl (Noonday, $1.75; cloth, $5). *Beethoven: Letters, Journals and Conversations,* Michael Hamburger, editor (Anchor, $1.45). The proud, generous, courageous genius in a well arranged, moving selection. *Home at Grasmere,* Collete Clark, editor (Penguin, $1.25). The sisterly *Journal* of Dorothy Wordsworth and poems by William excerpted and linked; pleasant and illuminating. *Heloise and Abelard* by Etienne Gilson (Ann Arbor, $1.75). Emphasizes the philosophic and cultural significance of the pair and their relationships. *The Life of Charlemagne* by Einhard (Ann Arbor, $1.25). A contemporary of Charlemagne revives the manner of Suetonius.

FICTION: *Jacob's Room* and *The Waves* by Virginia Woolf (Harvest, 1 vol., $2.25). *Caleb Williams* by William Godwin (Rinehart, $1.25). *A Connecticut Yankee in King Arthur's Court* by Mark Twain (Hill and Wang, $1.45). *The Crock of Gold* by James Stephens (Macmillan, $1.35). *The Magician of Lublin* by Isaac B. Singer (Noonday, $1.65; cloth, $3.50). *Heaven's My Destination* by Thornton Wilder (Anchor, 95c). *The Magnificent Ambersons* by Booth Tarkington (Avon, 50c). *Anthony Adverse* by Hervey Allen (Bantam, 95c). *The Neon Wilderness* by Nelson Algren (Hill and Wang, $1.45). *The Ugly American* by William J. Lederer and Eugene Burdick (Crest, 50c). See also Doubleday's new Dolphin series.



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THEATRE

Robert Hatch

Shakespeare

OVER the past several summers, the American Shakespeare Festival at Stratford, Conn., has developed a distinct style for presenting the great repertory. Taste is so creamy at Stratford as to be almost edible; it is a designer's theatre.

This emphasis on a confectionery vision stems no doubt from the current scholarly position that the Elizabethan stage, far from being bare space cloaked only in passionate imagination, was a sumptuous tabernacle hung with rare stuffs, peopled with fabulous throngs and capable of marvels. Even so, I think it an error today to set Shakespeare's plays as though they were jewels. Ours is a rich and materialistic culture, but true flamboyance does not come naturally to us. If Shakespeare flung gold and ermine over his players, doubtless his players had exuberance enough to carry the elegance; ours simply do not. When in *The Tempest* Alonso's followers appear in suits and trappings out of a conquistador fairy tale, they may delight the eye, but they are also reduced to manikins. Every extra, every halberd bearer, would have to glow with Hotspur's panache to prevent a scene so dressed from becoming a waxworks. We don't have the resources for such riotous expenditure of energy, and it is a question whether we would profit from the effect if we could stage it. Wealth and busyness do not uplift us — we have too much of both.

And furthermore, the spectacles that Stratford has encouraged its designers to stage are less elegant than showy. They would appeal most powerfully, perhaps, to an audience that had dined at Longchamps and driven to the theatre in a Thunderbird. Surely there is something wrong with a scheme for *Twelfth Night* that urges the critics to refer coyly to *H.M.S. Pinafore.* And surely it is a sad waste, in *The Tempest,* to have Prospero conjure up a three-part, stage-crowding tableau for the delight of the betrothed lovers, only to produce a conversation piece that could be duplicated from the gimcrack shelves of any Mexican import shop. I know the idea is to be amusing, but the effect is to be cute; I suspect that the designers have been encouraged to look on Shakespeare as an excuse for their fertile whimsicality.

Against such background, the plays themselves seem smooth but uncommitted. Insofar as one remembers them, it is in terms of individual performances rather than organized productions. Thus, Katharine Hepburn's Viola in *Twelfth Night* is surprisingly convincing. Miss Hepburn's innate gawkiness serves her well in the masquerade, and this year she has considerably curbed the suburban whinny that gives her stage voice its weird individuality and can turn Shakespeare's purest music into slapstick. Morris Carnovsky is an elegant, often penetrating Feste; he gives a substance I haven't seen conveyed before in impersonations of this most agile of clowns. Loring Smith and O. Z. Whitehead as Toby Belch and Andrew Aguecheek, on the other hand, are at once hectic and pedestrian. They suffer the most from the transposition of the play to what appears to be a pre-Victorian Cowes regatta. The theory that Shakespeare, being immortal, can speak against any background, breaks down soonest with his eccentrics and his bawdry. What shows as wit and high spirits in a Renaissance context becomes vulgarity and debauchery in the strait atmosphere of Jane Austen's England. Richard Waring's Malvolio is lackluster and that is the role that keys the play. *Twelfth Night* is not a work of surpassing poetry; if it does not jig and sparkle, it is mere foolishness.

IN *THE TEMPEST*, Clayton Corzatte offers an Ariel that is seldom embarrassing — no faint praise, considering the Ariels that customarily skip about our stages. And Earle Hyman's Caliban is first rate — he conveys the brute's poignant glimmerings of the soul that eludes it; that, rather than virtuoso beastliness, is what counts in the part.

But Joyce Ebert is a dim Miranda, John Ragin a sheepish Ferdinand; and, surprisingly, Carnovsky falls completely short of Prospero. He works his miracles with a stiff caution, like a vaudeville magician who is not sure his offstage accomplices will catch the cues. He chops the air with the basic manual of stage gestures and he recites at the audience as though lecturing it on the special meaning of *The Tempest* in the Shakespeare legend. All the tricks show and none of the magic takes wing.

Certainly, *The Tempest* is difficult, but if it is to be played at all, it must be done with confidence. If Shakespeare was running through his illusionist's repertory for one last time — offering, as it were, a farewell evening of star turns — then director and cast must believe

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that he knew how to bring it off. Timidity is disastrous and a lavish timidity —as though to help the old man through a dubious enterprise — is fatal. Productions like this of *The Tempest* are what give the impression that Stratford adores Shakespeare as a monument but does not really believe in him as a playwright.

BELIEF in Shakespeare is not just a critic's banality. You can see how well it works in Central Park these evenings, where the New York Shakespeare Festival is again offering its free performances (a largesse so bountiful as to sweeten the summer temper of the whole city). The festival's style was established in previous years by Stuart Vaughan. Its method is to present the plays with maximum clarity of line and movement, to let them run fleetly and unembellished, and to assume that the audience will be caught up in the excitement of momentous deeds and bold personalities. The Central Park productions are staged as though they had been written for this company by a master craftsman who knew precisely the interests and appetites of his audience. It is a simple theory, which is not at all to say that it is easy.

Joseph Papp, the festival's producer, also directed the first play, *King Henry V*; *Measure for Measure* and *The Taming of the Shrew* will follow at approximately three-week intervals. For the initial production, the minimal platform stage beneath the Belvedere served admirably as Shakespeare's "wooden O," and Leonard Cimino, as Chorus, swept the bannered hosts of England and France across the scene with bravura zest. Papp's *Henry V* was a tapestry of proud enterprise pricked out with spirited personality. James Ray, as Henry, was perhaps better able to convey the young king's coltish charm than his ambitious metal — it is a fault common to our present-day Hals; we seem unable to rear actors who can express command within a context of youth. And I thought that Arthur Malet's Charles VI was more waspishly funny than the text justifies. It played well enough this way, but the King of France is not meant to steal laughs from the clowns.

But the other leading figures, as from time to time they swung into focus on the merry-go-round of the action, were a varied delight. Louis Zorich, Roberts Blossom and Albert Quinton, as Bardolph, Nym and Pistol, were rogues right off the streets; John Call, as the Welsh captain, Fluellen, touched the dignity beneath the bantam; Kathleen Widdoes made a delicious Katherine and she and Jacqueline Chambord played the famous English lesson with infectious pleasure in their own foolery; Thomas Aldredge's Dauphin compelled respect as a dangerous fop. The large company of princes and men at arms was handsome and moved with a hard masculinity that gave the largely implied clash of armies an impact you felt in your own spine. The love and intelligence that went into this production became evident from such small matters as the protective tenderness that Henry and his brothers feel for that decent old man, Sir Thomas Erpingham. The scene is exceedingly brief, but Karl Williams played Sir Thomas with an antique valor that etched sharply into the effect of the evening.

I can guess the reasons, but nevertheless I regret two of Papp's cuts. The omission of the opening scene between those calculating prelates, Canterbury and Ely, blurred Shakespeare's bitter understanding of the causes of war; and the failure to record the death of Falstaff robbed the friends of that mighty barrel warrior and catch-as-catch-can philosopher of the chance to mourn his passing. Otherwise, I scarcely see how a better scheme could have been devised for bringing Agincourt to the attention of the people at large — which is what both Shakespeare and Joseph Papp understood to be the job at hand.

Harold Clurman

Brecht

Paris

DURING MY VISIT here, there were as usual several interesting plays written with that degree of sophistication which makes the French play, no matter what its real value, seem "superior" to most American and British plays. There was also (just about to close) Jean-Paul Sartre's three-and-a-half hour brain-buster, *The Prisoners of Altona* which, apart from Jean Genet's *The Blacks* (which had already closed) was the most impressive play of the year. I shall discuss some of these on a later occasion.

The great event of my latest theatrical expedition was the four productions of Bertolt Brecht's plays given at the Théâtre des Nations in its international theatre season — a splendid annual spring feature in Paris. The Brecht works were presented by his own Berlin Ensemble, which most critics today regard as the finest theatre company

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on the Continent, perhaps the finest in the world.

Much — too much — has already been written on Brecht's theories. In Europe, at least, they have already exercised noticeable influence and stimulated almost as much talk as the "Method" has with us. What struck me most sharply on seeing the Berlin Ensemble this time — I first saw the company and wrote about it in *The Nation* in 1957 — was the pointlessness of most of this talk in view of the actual performances.

THE didactic element, the stylization, the detachment — all these have been repeatedly emphasized almost to the exclusion of the sheer facts of the production in their effect and meaning. In this respect the earnest thinkers in the theatre are almost as misleading as the ordinary folk of show business. Both stress what is most superficially striking: the "knockout" aspects of cleverness, laughs, excitement; and, in the case of Brecht, the scenic novelty.

The first thing we recognize in the Brecht productions is their *reality*: an utterly engrossing reality. We feel we are looking directly at the core and substance of what the plays are about. We do not sense any element of staginess, arty ornament or eye-deceiving illusion. At the same time, we are not only at ease — the ordinary naturalistic production always seems a little strenuous by comparison — but thoroughly absorbed. We are at once in the theatre — with all its sense of festival and fun — and soberly in the midst of life. We do not sweat with anxiety or often split out sides with laughter; yet we are stirred by what is serious and refreshed by what is humorous.

The didactism of a Brecht play is always telling — unless one is intent on resistance — because the message seems to radiate from every element of the performance. The very props seem to tell a tale, convey some fundamental significance. Everything in these productions is so integrated that when an actor stops what might pass for an intensely dramatic scene (there is hardly any screaming and shouting except for purposes of caricature) to speak a bit of verse or to sing-recite a song, one hardly notices the break. The prose dialogue and the lyric interval are both phases of the same essence.

The Berlin Ensemble represents the truest theatre of our day in a very special sense. I do not yet know exactly in what esteem I hold the Brecht plays as literature, though as sheer writing they are superb. I am not at all sure that the company contains any great actors — a number are clearly mediocre — and I cannot say whether any other company in the same sets and costumes might not make the stage design appear dull. I do know that we perceive all as a single phenomenon. We are confronted with a living thing which is full of meaning and with immeasurably greater impact than anything I have witnessed in years. And *this* is theatre.

When one reads a play by Brecht — before or even after having seen it — one is astonished to find that for all the purity, simplicity and, with the plainness, the subtle elevation of its style, one thinks of it not so much as a complete play, but rather as a libretto for the opera of which it is a part, or as a film script in respect to the picture which is to be made of it. That is one reason why Brecht's plays may prove disappointing in productions not created by the Brecht company under the conditions which the Berlin Ensemble has been enabled to foster for itself.

THE SECRET of the total power these plays impart in the productions which the playwright or his colleagues have directed is that everything in them emanates from a sense of life, a conviction, a will, a seed-sentiment transmitted in every moment, movement, color, gesture, thought, shared by everyone concerned in the performance. Not only one consciousness, but a single breath, seems to have given it life. The productions are not so much a collective triumph as they are the body of one spirit. Brecht's word has become flesh; his ideas have taken on visible form. The productions are literally a revelation; that is why — anti-naturalistic, anti-"emotional" and (save the mark!) anti-"Method" — they are so unmistakably forceful, so wholly real, so inescapably immediate, so compelling, and for all the infinite care and craftsmanship involved in their making, so unaffected.

But what do Brecht's plays reveal? What, apart from their too easily captioned propaganda, do they express? This will be the subject of my next report.

August River

These are tiger nights, that lurk
In black heat; one long threat
Before an orange yawning. Pre-morning
Is beautiful, completely because
Of ugliness, not music barges on a green
Willow mist, snows.

It is exactly
The neon twitch, pulsing
Redness on river slag; barge wash
Black on a suck of garbage.
The moon is dead, that sees all potent tugs
Are lovely, fighting hard.

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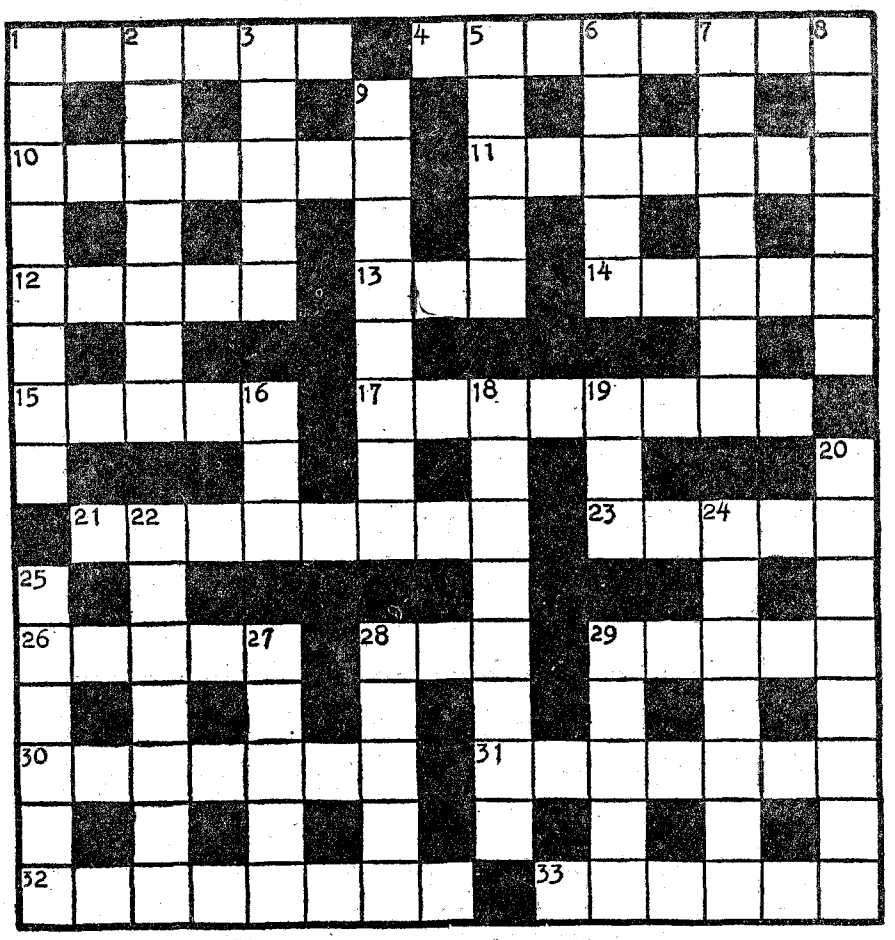
Crossword Puzzle No. 876

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS

1 Greek head of Macedonia, little associated with a famous 25. (6)
4 Accompanying her with an off-white train? (8)
10 Sioux on deadly business? (7)
11 General impression of a sailor-boy? (7)
12 All Friday seems to call for? (5)
13 Part of a sea horse or the color of it? (3)
14 Certainly not the end of 1 across.
15 Listeners go to such extremes, as their "Hello!" best shows. (5)
17 Eleven's boss darts back inside for a policeman right out of the book.
21 The part that no one takes in eleven? (4, 4)
23 This sort of language from Truthful James. (5)
26 No reconditioning without it, as one says. (2, 3)
28 One with the sound of 23 is not necessarily dark. (3)
29 Feature a dish like this! (5)
31 Where to look for a person, or alternatively, begin to be extant. (2, 5)
32 Shamrocks never won the highest prize for it. (8)
33 What an announcer does with a half-a-hundred of them? (6)

DOWN:

1 Various aspects of the opposite number of a womon, if young. (8)
2 Might be found in the ranks, though a woman might be grateful to have you call her one. (7)
3 No agreements in the corners, perhaps. (5)
5 What angels alone do to such liberty, according to Lovelace. (5)
6 The leader might sound like forty in Rome. (5)
7 Many pay a premium price to be.
9 Is a ringer a fit companion for Ferdinand? (8)
16 and 19 Rested before punishment taken by the head man? (6)
18 and 30 Figures to be a protecting influence, evidently. (6, 2, 7)
20 Makes 14 generals, peculiarly enough. (8)
22 Regularly found in a particular place. (7)
24 Its main alternative might be one of belief. (7)
25 and 8 Christian-seeking naval search party? (He looks for more temporal reward!) (6, 6)
27 Discuss terms. (5)
28 Evidently the wool he wanted was yellow. (5)
29 Lodge communicant? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 875

ACROSS: 1 Troubadour; 10 Enthral; 11 Cargoes; 12 Provost Marshal; 14 Sheepish; 15 Zircon; 16 Export; 18 Long hair; 22 Dead to the world; 24 Artisan; 25 Derange; 26 Kidd; 27 Harassment. DOWN: 1. Trespasses; 2 Outcome; 3 Bird of Paradise; 4 Dilates; 5 Uncial; 7 Prosaic; 8 Rusk; 9 Crossing swords; 13 Ingredient; 17 Pleated; 19 Ophidia; 20 Arrange; 21 Cornea; 23 and 6 Larkspur.

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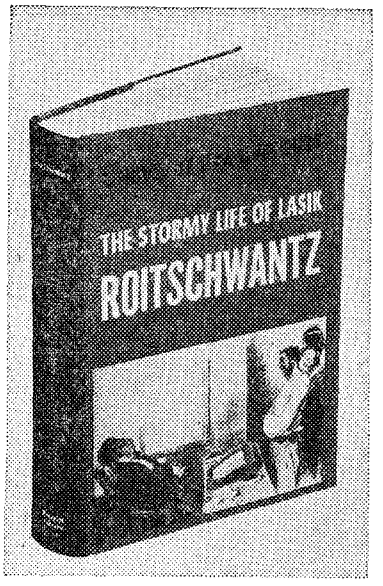

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